

The Key 2 Time – The Chaos Pool, by Peter Anghelides

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Previously on Doctor Who.

AMY: The Key To Time is a perfect cube which maintains the equilibrium of Time itself. When its six crystal segments are assembled, it can stop and start the universe. It can re-write matter and change the states of quanta.

ZARA: So the Key to Time is usually broken up and hidden. Six crystal segments, scattered all through Time and Space, disguised as anything you can think of. Statues, trees, whole planets.

ZINC: Charming. You should be more like your big sister.

DOCTOR: You're sisters?

AMY: Not really.

ZARA: It's the simplest way to explain it.

ZINC: And you can see the family resemblance. Same eyes, same cheekbones, same clever school-bags.

DOCTOR: You're after the other three segments, are you?

AMY: What is it?

DOCTOR: Er... all kind of spatial disturbances. Holes being eaten in Time.

AMY: It's Zara.

DOCTOR: Or the remaining segments. They're all starting to decay. That's why you and Zara have to find them.

AMY: Yes.

DOCTOR: You should have told me.

AMY: I di... I didn't think you'd want to know.

DOCTOR: That the Key To Time is collapsing and with it the whole of the Universe?

AMY: And it's your fault it's all unravelling. The world where we met, where The Grace stopped the rain?

DOCTOR: Where they stopped Time.

AMY: That's the furthest into the future any of the segments are hidden, and sixty six minutes from the end of Time.

DOCTOR: Sixty six minutes?

ZARA: Look out at the sky right now. Can almost see it coming apart, can't you?

[Part One]

(Lalla Ward speaks.)

PRESIDENT: This is your final warning. Unidentified space vessel, this is the Presidential spacecraft Eschaton. Alter course, or we will fire upon you. Any change in their trajectory, Number 1?

AP 1: No, Madam President.

PRESIDENT: Usual garbled nonsense from them, Pargrave.

PARGRAVE: I think we can assume they're not asking for directions, Ma'am. Time remaining, Number 14?

AP 14: Forty five seconds.

PARGRAVE: Permission to fire on the alien vessel, Madam President.

PRESIDENT: Permission granted, Captain Pargrave.

PARGRAVE: Thank you. Number 7?

AP 7: Yes, Captain.

PARGRAVE: Target the unstable warp engine on their port side. And fire.

(Explosion.)

PARGRAVE: Status?

AP 7: Alien vessel has been destroyed, Captain.

PARGRAVE: Level off. This is the Captain. All secondary APs to stand by. 14 and 12, you can power down as well.

AP 14+12: Yes, Captain.

PARGRAVE: And well done, 7. Thank you.

(Madam President laughs.)

PARGRAVE: I know, I know.

PRESIDENT: It's so funny when you thank the Artificial Personnel. You do it every time, Pargrave.

PARGRAVE: And every time we wait until the attack is only forty five seconds away. We know they're coming. Why can't we fire sooner?

PRESIDENT: Our scientific team seems to think that consistency is important. There's a definite sequence

that takes place. Here they are now. You can ask them yourself. Did you want me?

ZARA: No, Madam President. I was looking for Pargrave.

PRESIDENT: Very well, then I'll leave you together. I shall be in my private suite. Call me when you've located the Chaos Pool.

(Leaves.)

ZARA: Hello, Pargrave.

PARGRAVE: Oh. Hello, Zara.

(Alarm. The Tardis materializes, door opens, splash.)

DOCTOR: You may want to wear galoshes, Amy.

AMY: Galoshes?

DOCTOR: Or Wellington boots perhaps, this floor is drenched. Careful here. It's a bit squelchy as you take the corner.

(Tardis door closes.)

AMY: Oh, it's so humid. You said we'd landed on a space vessel.

DOCTOR: Yes, we have. Can't you feel that swaying motion? Travelling at quite a lick. Listen to those warp engines straining.

AMY: What, that whooping noise?

DOCTOR: No, I imagine that's an alarm. Hope it's not for us. Let's try this junction.

AMY: Ooo!

DOCTOR: Ah, your tickly nose. Got a scent of the final segment?

AMY: No. I've got the scent of something else. Urgh! It's horrible. What is it?

DOCTOR: I'm rather afraid it's this stuff on the floor. Interesting. Sort of mucus. More exactly a colloidal secretion.

AMY: Don't put your fingers in it.

DOCTOR: Hygroscopic, I shouldn't wonder. That would explain the humidity.

AMY: I know you like to show off how clever you are, but don't touch it.

DOCTOR: Ah. Notice that?

AMY: Yes, some time ago, Doctor. Oh, now look. Your coat's trailing in... colloidal secretion.

DOCTOR: Oops! I think they use the mucus to get around this ship.

AMY: Who do?

DOCTOR: The crew.

HECTOCOT: Turn that racket off. We've got the message.

DOCTOR: Come on. We have to find that segment before they find us. Can you detect anything?

AMY: There is no part of the Key to Time nearby.

DOCTOR: What, nothing?

AMY: Not even a general indication.

DOCTOR: Then what's brought us here?

HECTOCOT: Have you traced it, Maddenjot?

MADDENJOT: I believe so, sir.

DOCTOR: Quickly, Amy, through here.

AMY: It's a cupboard, Doctor. A dead end. We're trapped.

ZARA: So, Pargrave, that was - what? The fourth attack on the Eschaton?

PARGRAVE: Fifth, and they're happening more rapidly each time. Any faster and we won't have time to recharge the weapons array. How's that going, Number 1?

AP: Forty seven per cent, Captain.

ZARA: The Chaos Pool must be close by, mustn't it?

PARGRAVE: You're the scientist, Zara. I'm just using the coordinates that you and Lydall provided.

ZARA: These alien ships, they surely can't be a coincidence, Pargrave?

PARGRAVE: The President thinks they're bandits, grabbing whatever opportunity they get.

ZARA: The President's wrong. These attack ships are defending the Chaos Pool. They appear from nowhere, so the Chaos Pool must be nearby, maybe shielded in the same way.

PARGRAVE: I'm as keen to find the Chaos Pool as you are, Zara. More so, in fact. These attack ships are a bad omen.

ZARA: (laughs) You know what Lydall would say if he heard you saying that.

LYDALL: Oh? What would I say?

ZARA: Pargrave is worrying about the omens again, Professor.

LYDALL: Ah. Then I won't say that it is superstitious nonsense. Zara and I have rechecked the co-ordinates and they're not wrong. The Chaos Pool must... Ow!

PARGRAVE: Steady. Number 14, help Professor Lydall to a seat.

AP 14: Yes, Captain Pargrave.

LYDALL: Thanks. Oh dear. Sorry, it's this stupid hip. Pops out if I move too quickly.

PARGRAVE: We're all of us getting old here, Lydall. And faster than any of us hoped.
LYDALL: Except for Madam President, of course. She's looking pretty good for a woman of a hundred and ninety.
PARGRAVE: She's older than that, Lydall.
LYDALL: She'll survive us, that's for sure. All her friends and family died years ago.
ZARA: Lydall.
LYDALL: I'm sorry, Pargrave.
PARGRAVE: My children live on in my heart. I wish I knew the President's secret anyway.
LYDALL: Endocrine surgery, probably. She's got deep enough pockets to fund this mission, so she can afford a few monkey glands.
PARGRAVE: Lydall.
LYDALL: (laughs) Oh, it's only me and Zara, and she's not going to tell the President all your gossip.
ZARA: And the APs are very discreet. Isn't that right, Number One?
AP 1: I do not understand, Officer Zara.
ZARA: Oh, completely humourless.
PARGRAVE: Mocking our superiors will bring ill-fortune to our mission.
LYDALL: Superstitious...
LYDALL + ZARA: Nonsense.
ZARA: But Pargrave has his great faith in fate, don't you Pargrave?
PARGRAVE: Stop it.
ZARA: That's why he was appointed Captain. It's auspicious.
PARGRAVE: I'll be in my quarters.
ZARA: Oh Pargrave, I was only teasing.
PARGRAVE: Call me when it starts again, Number 1.
AP: Yes, Captain.
(Door closes.)
LYDALL: He'll come round.
ZARA: Oh, it's like I'm not even here, Lydall. He barely notices me.
LYDALL: He's still grieving. Pass me my walking-stick, Zara. I'll talk to Pargrave and make it...
ZARA: No, it's all right, Lydall. I should go after him.

DOCTOR: Oh. What are you doing?
AMY: There's a little window. Let me see. Urgh. They look like giant slugs.
DOCTOR: Well, I suppose they are.
AMY: Trapped in a cupboard by five giant slugs?
DOCTOR: Don't be fooled, though. You saw how quickly they moved on that mucus trail.
AMY: You mean colloidal secretion. Doctor, what are they?
DOCTOR: They're Teuthoidians.

HECTOCOT: Hurry up, you indolent blackguards. This is the last thing between me and lunchtime. What's keeping you? Maddenjot? Maddenjot!
MADDENJOT: Sorry, Commander Hectocot.
HECTOCOT: Tell me you've located it.
MADDENJOT: They're still looking, sir.
HECTOCOT: Oh. More haste, you torpid incompetents.

DOCTOR: Teuthoidians were among the Universe's first space faring races. We must have travelled way back in time. No reason why the last segment can't be the earliest, I suppose. Any sign of it yet?
AMY: Nothing. Can't we go back to the Tardis now?
DOCTOR: They're blocking our route. If we wait for... Oh dear.
MADDENJOT [OC]: That is what...

MADDENJOT: Temporal anomaly, Commander.
HECTOCOT: Then dispose of it, you dolt.
MADDENJOT: It's quite heavy, sir. It may take some time...
HECTOCOT: Dispose of it now, and then crank up the engines. We are ready to engage.
MADDENJOT: Is that entirely wise, sir?
HECTOCOT: What?
MADDENJOT: We're pushing the warp system beyond its desired...
HECTOCOT: Insubordination!

DOCTOR: Shh. They'll hear you.
AMY: But it just chewed his head off.

DOCTOR: Let's try to avoid being next on the menu.

AMY: I want to go back to the Tardis.

DOCTOR: They're blocking our way back.

HECTOCOT: (eating) Any of you... other pusillanimous... doses want to... question my authority? Ah. I should think not. Dump that blue box and fix the warp system. Bring us out of hyperspace and prepare to attack. Do that well, and I'll let you eat the rest of Maddenjot. Do it badly, and you'll be entrée. Is that clear, even to you feeble dullards? I hope that little snack's not going to interfere...

DOCTOR: Oh! Not a moment too soon. I was getting a crick in my neck.

AMY: Doctor, that was horrible. And they've just left the body.

DOCTOR: I'm afraid that's not all they've left.

AMY: What?

GUARD: Vermin. Urgh. They're hideous. Clean-up required on deck 7.

DOCTOR: We mean you no harm.

GUARD: Urgh! Talking vermin.

DOCTOR: Amy, get back.

(Boom!)

DOCTOR: Are you all right, Amy?

AMY: I think so. What happened?

DOCTOR: Explosion in the warp room. They pushed the engines too far. Oh dear, this poor creature took the full force of the blast.

AMY: The poor creature was about to kill us.

DOCTOR: It knew no better. This fire's getting out of control. Pass me the extinguisher.

AMY: What are you doing?

DOCTOR: Extinguishing. Oops! Not really intended for humanoid hands. I think that's got it. Watch out, the floor's even more slippery now.

AMY: The Tardis is in the other direction.

DOCTOR: The water vapour in the air helped restrain the worst of the fire, but this remaining engine is overloading. A warp breach will destroy the whole ship. Ah, here we go. Tool kit. Tricky. Designed for pseudopod limbs.

AMY: Couldn't we just go, and get away from these violent foul-smelling slugs?

DOCTOR: Yes, we could.

AMY: But we're not going to, are we?

DOCTOR: No. Even violent foul-smelling slugs deserve our help. I won't let this thing go critical. None of them would survive.

AMY: Doctor?

DOCTOR: This may take some time. Meanwhile what about that sixth segment, Amy? Any tingling?

AMY: No. It's a different kind of feeling.

DOCTOR: Hmm?

AMY: I'm scared.

DOCTOR: Ah.

AMY: I don't want to die, Doctor.

DOCTOR: That kind of feeling. I see.

AMY: Is this what it is to be alive? To fear death?

DOCTOR: You've done so much living in just your first few weeks, Amy. Isn't that what it means?

AMY: You amaze me, Doctor. Aren't you afraid to die?

DOCTOR: Of course. But I'm more afraid not to live. I can save these Teuthoidians, I have to.

AMY: Or die trying.

DOCTOR: Not quite my point. You haven't talked about death before, Amy. I suppose you're human enough to know what is meant by it. What is at stake, what is... What is that girl doing now? Amy, Amy! Where are you going?

AMY: I can hear someone whispering.

DOCTOR: Over this racket, I doubt it.

AMY: Definitely whispering.

ZARA [OC]: Amy? Amy.

DOCTOR: Don't wander off. (sighs) Well, that's another sign of being human. You're ignoring me.

(Knock on door.)

ZARA [OC]: Don't ignore me. Pargrave. Oh, please let me in. I just want to talk.

PARGRAVE: Leave me alone, leave me alone.

VOICE [OC]: You are never truly alone, are you, Pargrave? I am with you always.

PARGRAVE: I hear you, Mistress.

VOICE [OC]: Join me at the Chaos Pool, Pargrave.

PARGRAVE: Where is the Chaos Pool? I sense I'm so close, and yet it eludes me utterly.

VOICE [OC]: You will find your destiny soon, sixth son of your family's sixth generation.

PARGRAVE: But where?

VOICE [OC]: Soon, soon...

PARGRAVE: No. No, wait.

ZARA: Pargrave? Your room is so dark. Oh no, did I wake you? I heard voices, and...

PARGRAVE: Yes, voices. What? Zara, how did you get in here?

ZARA: The door was open. You didn't answer when I knocked. I could hear you talking. I was worried about you.

AP [OC]: Captain Pargrave.

PARGRAVE: Pargrave here.

AP [OC]: Detectors suggest that a new attack is imminent.

PARGRAVE: Power up AP 12 and AP 14. I'm on my way. Those were your voices. Another of those ships is leaving hyperspace. I'm needed on the Command Deck.

ZARA: Pargrave, that's not what I heard. Unless it's you. Could that be it? Oh, I've waited a long time for this, and you're not going to get in my way, sister. [OC] Amy? Amy? Is he there with you? Amy? (normal) Maybe not. Oh, you're just getting paranoid, Zara. Huh. Now you're talking to yourself. First sign of madness.

AMY [OC]: Second sign is when you get an answer back.

ZARA: What?

AMY [OC]: I said, the second sign...

AMY: Is when you get an answer back.

DOCTOR: Yes, I heard you the first time and I didn't understand it then. Are you all right, Amy?

AMY: It's the strangest thing, Doctor. Almost as if someone was calling me. Doctor!

DOCTOR: Bit busy just now. Lock them out.

AMY: The explosion blew the door off its hinges.

DOCTOR: I can't leave this.

HECTOCOT: Vermin on my ship.

AMY: Finish your repair, Doctor, while I stall them.

HECTOCOT: Pestiferous vermin, gnawing through my warp engines. Out of my way. I shall ingurgitate them.

AMY: All right, all right, I heard you. No need to bite my head off. That's right. Talking vermin. Surprised?

HECTOCOT: Is it a trick? Well, is it?

AMY: No. It's a skill. Something any moderately intelligent person could learn. You're Commander Hectocot, right?

HECTOCOT: How could you know?

AMY: We're not vermin, Commander. The Doctor and I are sentient beings and we're not harmful.

HECTOCOT: Doctor? I have no need for your science. I have my own engineer. Where is Frantogon?

TEUTHOIDIAN: I think you're stepping in him, sir.

AMY: Your engineer was killed in a warp explosion. The Doctor's making repairs. If you stop interrupting him he might just save all our lives.

TEUTHOIDIAN: Sir, without Engineer Frantogon we have no way of sealing the warp bridge.

HECTOCOT: Are there no more engineers in this crew of ineffectual half-wits?

DOCTOR: Very good, Amy.

AMY: Thanks. But do you think I've impressed him?

DOCTOR: Well, technically speaking he is a hermaphrodite.

AMY: Well, technically speaking we need it to release the Tardis.

DOCTOR: I'm not sure we should draw attention to that.

AMY: The Doctor requires his specialist equipment. It's in a large blue box.

HECTOCOT: Too bad. I ejected your large blue box into hyperspace.

DOCTOR: You did what with my Tardis?

AMY: Oh, don't draw his attention to it, Doctor.

DOCTOR: How can we possibly recover the Tardis from hyperspace? It's impossible to do... (bang) Ow! Recirculation of the warp flux. A rupture is imminent.

HECTOCOT: A what?

DOCTOR: Please stop interrupting these urgent repairs. It's difficult enough while the ship is in full flight.

HECTOCOT: We will shortly drop out of hyperspace for our attack run. Continue your repairs, Doctor, or I dissect your living body.

DOCTOR: You're very persuasive.

AMY: Can you fix it, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I have to. Without the Tardis there's no way off this vessel. Be careful! That power cable beside you is live.

HECTOCOT: Tornament, with me to the for'ard pod. Jagrostab, you stay here and watch them.

JAGROSTAB: Sir.

HECTOCOT: (sotto) Then once they've completed the repair, Jagrostab, bring the vermin to me. All this shouting has made me peckish.

PRESIDENT: Cutting it a bit fine, Captain Pargrave.

PARGRAVE: If the interval between these attacks gets any shorter I may just start sleeping on the Command Deck. Crew status, Number 1.

AP 1: All artificial personnel are online, Captain.

PARGRAVE: Weapons?

AP 1: Charged at eighty two per cent.

PARGRAVE: That'll have to do. Number 12, what's the position of the alien vessel?

AP 12: Fully emerged from hyperspace. Their port warp engine is fluctuating close to critical. Contact with the Eschaton in two minutes.

PRESIDENT: Just like the previous attacks.

PARGRAVE: And our response will be exactly the same. Would you like to give the warning, Ma'am?

PRESIDENT: I shall give them three warnings as protocol dictates, just like the last time. Unidentified space vessel, this is the Presidential spacecraft Eschaton on a peaceful mission of exploration. You are on a collision vector. Please alter course. This is the Presidential...

HECTOCOT: Put the enemy on the main screen, Baldernat.

TEUTHOIDIAN: Yes, Commander.

HECTOCOT: And what is that insufferable noise?

TEUTHOIDIAN: It's on the communications channel, Commander.

HECTOCOT: Babbling nonsense. Ignore it, Baldernat. Prime the weapons array, and press on with the attack.

TEUTHOIDIAN: Yes, Commander.

HECTOCOT: Hectocot to Jagrostab. Are you there, Jagrostab? How are those...?

HECTOCOT [OC]: Warp repairs coming along?

JAGROSTAB: I am no expert, sir.

HECTOCOT [OC]: Ask the vermin, you nincompoop, or I'll have your guts for hors d'oeuvres.

DOCTOR: Tell Commander Hectocot to stop interrupting or I'll never get this finished.

PRESIDENT [OC]: ... exploration. You are on a collision vector...

DOCTOR: Wait a minute. I know that voice.

PRESIDENT [OC]: Please alter course.

DOCTOR: Turn that thing up.

PRESIDENT [OC]: Unidentified space vessel, this is the Presidential spacecraft Eschaton on a peaceful mission of exploration. You are on a collision vector. Please alter course.

DOCTOR: Romana.

AMY: Who?

DOCTOR: The commander of that other vessel.

PRESIDENT [OC]: Unidentified space vessel...

DOCTOR: I thought Romana was working for the High Council, but I didn't know she was President. She's a friend of mine.

HECTOCOT [OC]: Not for much longer.

DOCTOR: No, wait! Hectocot can't understand what she's saying. He needs a translation. Or Romana needs to speak Teuthoidian. Maybe I can make telepathic contact with her.

AMY: You can do that?

DOCTOR: I can try.

AMY: Or I could go to the for'ard pod and translate for Hectocot. But which?

DOCTOR: We should try both. Off you go. Quickly now.

JAGROSTAB: No, wait.

DOCTOR: Not sure who to guard now, are you? Why not stay here and you might learn something.

AMY: Left or right? Left or right? Oh, how difficult can it be? It's not like this ship's that big after... (Wibble.)

AMY: Hello? Who's there, who's that? Oh, you. I thought that I heard you... What? Get off me! No! No!

ZARA: (laughs) Time to find the Doctor.

HECTOCOT: Are we within attack range, Baldernat?

TEUTHOIDIAN: Within a minute, Commander.

HECTOCOT: Sound the alarm. Just listen to that unintelligible babbling. I can't understand a word of it, yet

every syllable drips with ludicrous pomposity. Open a channel. Feeble alien vessel, you are now the property of the Teuthoidian Empire. Your possessions are forfeit, your people our chattels. Stop your engines, and prepare to be boarded.

PRESIDENT: Number One?

AP 1: Yes, Madam President.

PRESIDENT: Can you confirm that is coming from the alien vessel?

AP 1: Yes, Ma'am.

PARGRAVE: Number 7, does their vector approach match the previous attacks?

AP 7: Yes, Captain.

PARGRAVE: So this is the sixth time.

PRESIDENT: Superstitious, Pargrave.

PARGRAVE: They're using exactly the same tactics.

PRESIDENT: Then they will suffer exactly the same fate.

PARGRAVE: Target their port warp engine.

DOCTOR [OC]: Romana, are you there? It's the Doctor. I need you to... Oh, you're probably much better at this than me. I'm not sure I've got the patience for mental communication. Finding my serene spot is a bit tricky just at the moment. Requires a certain persistence. Romana. (normal) Ah, it's no use.

AMY: Doctor. There you are.

DOCTOR: Where else would I be? It's no use, Amy, I can't establish telepathic contact with Romana. It's like she's not there. She hasn't left the answer phone on.

JAGROSTAB: You must continue the repairs.

AMY: No!

JAGROSTAB: Silence, vermin!

AMY: Who are you calling vermin?

DOCTOR: Amy, don't, that cable is live. You'll kill... What have you done?

AMY: He called me vermin.

DOCTOR: There was no need to kill the creature, he wasn't harming us. The power surge has boosted the warp breach. There's no way I can fix that now. Amy, what were you thinking?

AMY: I was thinking that you might thank me.

DOCTOR: Systems failure. The ship's defenceless.

HECTOCOT: Jagrostab, what's going on down there? The weapons array just dropped offline. Jagrostab? Jagrostab!

PRESIDENT [OC]: This is your final warning. Unidentified space vessel, this is the Presidential spacecraft Eschaton. Alter course, or we will fire upon you.

DOCTOR: Of course. I can patch the intra-ship communications through the inter-ship link. Romana, can you hear me? It's the Doctor. I'm on the approaching ship. We don't have much time, so I need you...

DOCTOR [OC]: To listen carefully to what I'm saying.. This ship's weapons systems are offline and the warp core is crit...

HECTOCOT: Shut it off. Disconnect the communicator.

TEUTHOIDIAN: Not possible, sir. It's jammed.

HECTOCOT: You cretinous oaf! I should consume you on the spot. I should devour you.

PARGRAVE: Did you hear that? I could understand some of the words that time.

AP: Sixty seconds to strike range, Captain.

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh, do shut up, Commander Hectocot, and perhaps I can save all of us. Romana, listen to me. It's the Doctor. Those Teuthoidians can't understand what you're saying. They're defenceless and can do you no harm. I know you're in command of the Eschaton, I can hear you. Please don't fire on this ship.

PRESIDENT: Doctor?

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes. At last! Romana, you must not...

PRESIDENT: This is some fresh trick. I know of no Doctor.

DOCTOR [OC]: Romana!

AP: Forty five seconds.

PRESIDENT: I am President Astra of the Atrios Alliance.

DOCTOR [OC]: What? But...

PRESIDENT: And you have received due warning. Captain Pargrave?

PARGRAVE: Yes, Madam President?

PRESIDENT: You have permission to fire.

PARGRAVE: Number 7, fire at their port-side warp engine.

AP: Yes, Captain.

(KaBOOM.)

PARGRAVE: Status.
AP 7: Alien vessel has been destroyed, Captain.

[Part Two]

(Wibble.)

DOCTOR: Whoa! Short range spatial displacement, but how...?

PARGRAVE [OC]: This is the Captain. All secondary APs to stand-by.

DOCTOR: We're on the Presidential vessel.

AMY: Just outside the Command Deck.

DOCTOR: But how did you do that? That bracelet, it's a Time Ring. Where did you get that?

AMY: Oh, so many questions but so little gratitude. Thank you for saving me from the warp explosion, Amy.

DOCTOR: We didn't save the Teuthoidians, did we? And you didn't mention you had that bracelet before.

AMY: You didn't mention you knew this Romana before.

DOCTOR: I was wrong about that. She's not my friend Romana, she's Princess Astra. Well, President Astra now, it seems. I'd very much like to talk with her. Why wouldn't she remember me?

AMY: Are you so very memorable, Doctor?

DOCTOR: The circumstances of our last meeting certainly were. She was the disguised sixth segment of the Key to Time.

AMY: Astra?

DOCTOR: When I dispersed the Key I ensured that Astra was returned home.

AMY: Well then, that's the sixth segment. Convert it back and the Key is complete again.

DOCTOR: No, she's not an object, Amy.

AMY: She'll be on the Command Deck.

DOCTOR: Astra is a living being.

ASTRA: What's going on?

PARGRAVE: APs, defend the Command Deck.

AMY: Get off me, you idiots! Don't you know who I am?

AP 22: Please remain calm.

AMY: Let go of my arm, you humourless jobsworth. No! Oh, give it back! I need that.

AP 22: These devices are unknown power sources and must be confiscated.

ASTRA: Take them to Professor Lydall, Number 22.

AP 22: Yes, Ma'am.

DOCTOR: Hello, I'm the Doctor. I see you've already bumped into my friend. Amy, I hope you're being polite to these nice...

AMY: Get off me! Let go!

DOCTOR: Amy, I very much doubt you can damage these, er... You can only hurt yourself.

AMY: I want my satchel back, and my bracelet.

DOCTOR: Don't draw attention to it, Amy.

AP: Second intruder identified.

DOCTOR: Oh dear, is this really necessary?

PARGRAVE: I'll decide what's necessary. I'm Captain Pargrave, and this is President...

DOCTOR: Princess Astra. President Astra I should say. I'm surprised you don't remember me, I like to think I make an impression.

ASTRA: I've never seen you before.

DOCTOR: You were in an underground bunker hiding from the Zeons and I turned up in a blue box, remember? Boisterous chap, long woollen scarf. You must remember. And K9. How could you forget a tin dog? Merak really liked him. Is Merak here?

PARGRAVE: Enough. You're stowaways on my vessel, and you faked a message from that attacking ship.

DOCTOR: We were on board that ship.

PARGRAVE: Impossible.

DOCTOR: Implausible perhaps, Captain, but by no means impossible. We stumbled aboard, and barely escaped with our lives after this vessel opened fire.

ASTRA: What were you doing aboard that enemy ship?

DOCTOR: Trying to repair a warp breach. Much good that it did them.

ASTRA: Aiding the enemy.

DOCTOR: Hardly. It brought down their weapon systems and crippled the ship, as I told you through that ship-to-ship communication. A fact that you exploited to deadly effect. Captain Pargrave, are you even listening to me?

PARGRAVE: Er, your associate looks a little like one of our crew members, Officer...

DOCTOR: Oh, that's nothing. President Astra here is a dead spit for my friend Romana. Do you remember her?

ASTRA: I've never heard of her.

DOCTOR: You made quite an impression on her, I should tell you.

AMY: Ouch! Why doesn't the Doctor get the strong-arm treatment?

DOCTOR: The Doctor has been behaving. Captain Pargrave, my friend means no harm.

PARGRAVE: All right. 19, you can release her.

AP 19: Yes, Captain.

DOCTOR: Rub your arms, Amy, that should get the blood circulating. I think when the segment changed back it must have simply wiped her memory of me and Romana, and returned her to Merak. Merak, that nice young man you were going to marry. And what about the Marshal? That mad-eyed warrior who led the attack on Zeos. I didn't like him much.

ASTRA: How can you have known Merak?

PARGRAVE: There has been no Marshal on Atrios for centuries, Doctor. That would make you...

DOCTOR: More than two hundred years old, yes. So how old is President Astra, then? You're clearly the same woman, aren't you?

AMY: Pargrave thinks that it's monkey glands.

ASTRA: Is this true, Pargrave?

AMY: Gotcha!

DOCTOR: Amy!

PARGRAVE: Get off her!

ASTRA: Take your hands off me, you wretched girl.

AMY: Nothing! Where is the segment? Why hasn't she changed?

ASTRA: Get her off me!

DOCTOR: Oh, Amy.

AP 19: The assailant is restrained.

ASTRA: Get her out of here.

PARGRAVE: 19, bring her this way. We can lock her in one of the guest suites.

PARGRAVE: It is an outrage. An assault on the President.

AMY: You were right about me, Pargrave. I *am* Zara.

PARGRAVE: Ridiculous.

AMY: I know this ship. You're taking us to the mid-section guest suites. Deck 3, right?

PARGRAVE: You are a crafty stowaway.

AMY: And I know *you*. Remember how I teased you about the monkey glands?

PARGRAVE: Stowaways overhear things. I've obviously been indiscreet.

AMY: Did you tell anyone else about Francine?

PARGRAVE: How can you know that?

AMY: The Atrian curse? Premature ageing. You and Francine had to watch your children wither and die before their time. And after you nursed Francine through her final days I was there for you, Pargrave.

(Door opens.)

PARGRAVE: That's enough. Put her in there.

AP 19: Yes, Captain.

AMY: And I know why you want to find the Chaos Pool. You told me that too.

PARGRAVE: Where is Zara? Have you harmed her?

AMY: I *am* her.

PARGRAVE: You know nothing about her.

AMY: I know that she loves you.

PARGRAVE: What?

AMY: She's in love with you. *I'm* in love with you. Have been for months, and I think you are too.

PARGRAVE: Preposterous.

AMY: I need the satchel that the AP confiscated. Without that I can't change back. I used the power of the segments to do that...

PARGRAVE: Segments?

VOICE [OC]: The segments, Pargrave. Bring them to the Chaos Pool.

PARGRAVE: I will be with you soon.

VOICE [OC]: And Chaos will reign. Soon. Soon.

AMY: Let me have the satchel.

PARGRAVE: Get in there. Professor Lydall can examine your precious satchel.

AMY [OC]: Oh! I should have listened to the Doctor. Let me out of here!

(The Voice laughs.)

AMY: Let me out, Zara. Doctor, help me. She's trapped me in the satchel. I can feel the segments nearby, but I know they're decaying. Those slug creatures are coming, Doctor. They're so close I can sense them.

VOICE [OC]: The Teuthoidian horde is massing in hyperspace, unwitnessed, unstoppable.

AMY: Who's that?

VOICE [OC]: You will know soon enough, but by then the Key to Time will be mine.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry about my friend. I don't think she's quite herself at the moment. Promise me she won't be harmed.

ASTRA: We are not savages, Doctor. Though perhaps we should have locked you up too.

DOCTOR: Perhaps I can help you. I don't know whether you've noticed, but this ship is wobbling. These readings strongly suggest a temporal fluctuation.

ASTRA: I am over two hundred years old, Doctor. What can you teach me about Time?

DOCTOR: Oh, I might surprise you.

ASTRA: I've seen too much time. I don't know why I survive while my people age and decay.

DOCTOR: A side-effect of your release from the Key to Time.

ASTRA: I will fight for the survival of all Atrians. I have outlived all my contemporaries.

DOCTOR: I noticed you have very few human crew, and the rest are like Number 7 here.

ASTRA: There are so few able-bodied Atrians that most of the crew of this ship are APs. How many do we have, Number 7?

AP 7: The on-board artificial personnel cohort comprises... (bang) Cohort comprises...

ASTRA: Ah! What are they? How did they get in here?

DOCTOR: They're Teuthoidians.

ASTRA: Defend the Command Deck.

DOCTOR: No. Astra, stay there.

MADDENJOT: We've broken through, Commander.

HECTOCOT: About time. Come on, stop vacillating, you craven simpletons.

DOCTOR: Watch this.

ASTRA: Doctor, no/

HECTOCOT: Seize this vessel and slaughter its crew.

MADDENJOT: Yes, Commander.

HECTOCOT: Then save a tasty specimen for me.

DOCTOR: It's all right, see?

ASTRA: That's impossible. How can you walk right through them? Where did they go?

AP: ... comprises... 46 units.

DOCTOR: Those Teuthoidians couldn't see us. They were temporal projections of something that happened. Or something that's yet to happen.

ASTRA: You said you could help, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I believe I did.

ASTRA: Number 7, show the Doctor to Professor Lydall's laboratory.

LYDALL: And this, Doctor, is my singularity matrix.

DOCTOR: I know, Professor Lydall, I recognise spatio-temporal reflexive field equipment when I see it. My point is, it's highly improbable that Atrian science created it.

LYDALL: Should I be flattered or insulted?

DOCTOR: And another thing. The Teuthoidians are from the beginning of the universe while you Atrians - well, you're much closer to the other end. Neither of you discovered time travel, so how could you co-exist, hmm?

LYDALL: And where did you derive your expertise, Doctor? Perhaps you can explain these items that we confiscated from your friend.

DOCTOR: Trinkets. Bracelet and bag. Matching set. No use to you. I'll take them.

LYDALL: Oh, I don't think so. Ow!

DOCTOR: Are you all right?

LYDALL: Oh, it's just this stupid hip. I shouldn't have turned so quickly. No, Doctor. No, give them back, or AP 19 will break your arms. Thank you. These items defy all my scans.

DOCTOR: You should keep them away from the singularity matrix.

LYDALL: Oh, they're only trinkets. Tell me, Doctor. Do you believe in the existence of the Chaos Pool?

DOCTOR: President Astra does, and Captain Pargrave.

LYDALL: No, you haven't answered my question, Doctor. I asked whether *you* believed it.

DOCTOR: No, so you did. Really, you should keep that satchel away from the matrix.

LYDALL: The Chaos Pool?

DOCTOR: It's a legend. And many legends have a basis in fact, or the facts happen to fit a sort of happy coincidence, but - serendipity isn't the basis for scientific research, Lydall. Now take the segments out of the matrix...

LYDALL: Segments?

DOCTOR: Satchel, I meant satchel.

PARGRAVE [OC]: This is the Captain. All personnel to action stations. Incoming attack imminent.

DOCTOR: Take them out!
LYDALL: I don't believe you, Doctor.
DOCTOR: This can't be a coincidence. Your singularity matrix is amplifying the effect of that second Teuthoidian attack.
LYDALL: Second? Wh-wh...? This is the sixth attack.
DOCTOR: What? That's impossible. Unless it's a hyperspace fold.
LYDALL: Making the extreme ends of the universe co-adjacent.
DOCTOR: Atrian science didn't tell you *that*, did it, Professor?
LYDALL: It just seems obvious, surely?
DOCTOR: A hyperspace fold would be a disaster. It won't just be one Teuthoidian vessel arriving from the other end of time, it will be dozens. Maybe hundreds. It will cause the Big Crunch.
LYDALL: What?
DOCTOR: An unstoppable torrent as the universe condenses to a singularity.
PARGRAVE [OC]: Stand by all stations. Alien vessel approaching.
AP [OC]: Seven more ships have appeared, Captain.
PARGRAVE [OC]: Red alert.
LYDALL: What's happening?
DOCTOR: Check your display.
LYDALL: The Eschaton is under attack from seven ships. Oh no, it's... it's more than a dozen different attackers now.
DOCTOR: Not different. Look again. The warp signatures on those port-side engines? They're all the same ship.
LYDALL: That's impossible.
DOCTOR: Undeniable. Now, take that satchel out of the matrix.
LYDALL: The Chaos Pool, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Professor! Yes, yes, all right, the Chaos Pool exists.
LYDALL: Well, tell me where it is.
DOCTOR: It was hidden well by its creators and must stay hidden. Even the Guardians couldn't locate it. Remove the satchel!
AP 7: Please do not interfere with the Professor's equipment.
DOCTOR: It may already be too late to stop.
PRESIDENT [OC]: Lydall, Doctor, what's happening? Where are all these attackers coming from?
DOCTOR: Across a fold in Time. Professor Lydall has ironed it practically flat. You can't send them back, but...

DOCTOR [OC]: You can at least prevent more from coming through.
PARGRAVE: I don't believe you, Doctor. Status, Number 1.
AP 1: First contact in thirty seconds.
PARGRAVE: Target the nearest ship and fire.
ASTRA: What, with no warning?
PARGRAVE: Fire.
ASTRA: The others, they're still advancing.
PARGRAVE: I don't understand.
VOICE [OC]: Your time has arrived, Pargrave.
PARGRAVE: Is this the end?
ASTRA: Pargrave?
VOICE [OC]: Only the beginning. The Chaos Pool awaits you. Look below.
PARGRAVE: Yes, my mistress.
ASTRA: Mistress?
PARGRAVE: Yes, Ma'am.
AP 1: Instructions, Captain.
PARGRAVE: Prepare to abandon ship.

HECTOCOT: You are the property of the Teuthoidian Empire. Your possessions are forfeit, your people our chattels. Stop your engines, and prepare to be boarded. Take us in, Maddenjot.
MADDENJOT: Yes, Commander Hectocot.

ASTRA: Abandon ship?
PARGRAVE: It's our last remaining option. Number 1, assume autonomous control.
AP 1: Autonomous control assumed.
ASTRA: Are you insane, Pargrave? Even if we get to the life rafts, where will we go? Those enemy ships are everywhere.
PARGRAVE: Look below.

ASTRA: That's impossible. Where did that planet come from?

(Bang.)

PARGRAVE: There's the first of the enemy ships clamping on our hull. Lydall? We're being over-run.

PARGRAVE [OC]: It's time to abandon ship.

LYDALL: Where are the APs going?

PARGRAVE [OC]: Autonomous control. They're defending key areas. 19 will accompany you to the life rafts. That's where we're heading. But hurry, because I won't wait for you.

AP 7: This way, Professor.

DOCTOR: Sounds like the Teuthoidians are cutting through your hull. And the other ships are clamping onto the Eschaton. Where's Amy, Professor?

LYDALL: Guest quarters. I'll show you.

DOCTOR: You should go. You need more time to reach the life rafts.

LYDALL: But I...

DOCTOR: No time to argue. That's another Teuthoidian ship. Here, take your walking-stick. I'll carry these.

LYDALL: Sorry Doctor, the satchel and the bracelet stay with me. See you at the life raft.

MADDENJOT: We've broken through, Commander.

HECTOCOT: About time. Come on, stop vacillating, you craven simpletons. Seize this vessel and slaughter its crew.

MADDENJOT: Yes, Commander.

HECTOCOT: Then save a tasty specimen for me.

ASTRA: To have come so far only to abandon our mission.

PARGRAVE: Our mission is not over, Madam President.

ASTRA: Ah! What's that thing?

HECTOCOT: Looks like a tasty specimen has arrived. Seize them.

ASTRA: Dreadful. It's what we saw earlier.

PARGRAVE: APs, defend us. Quickly, Madam President.

AP: Please remain calm. You are an intruder.

HECTOCOT: I shall devour you.

AP: I am authorised to use force. Please remain calm. You are an intruder.

HECTOCOT: Oh, it tastes disgusting.

AP: Please send reinforcements to Deck 3. We are under attack.

HECTOCOT: These are mechanical devices. I want flesh.

DOCTOR: Amy? Amy?

AMY [OC]: Doctor. Is that you?

HECTOCOT: Now that sounds more like it.

AMY: Doctor.

DOCTOR [OC]: Open the door.

AMY: Oh, brilliant. Why didn't I think of that? It's locked!

DOCTOR: Oh.

(Door opens.)

AMY: At last.

DOCTOR: Thank you, Doctor.

AMY: What's all that racket?

DOCTOR: You used to be so polite.

AMY: I'm not a child.

DOCTOR: Well, I suppose you must have reached those difficult teenage weeks of your life.

AMY: I'm a bit older than that.

DOCTOR: I think that's why Astra didn't change into the sixth segment, because you've become more human than Tracer.

AMY: Ah.

DOCTOR: Or maybe it's because we're on top of a fold in Space-Time and the segments of the Key to Time...

AMY: The segments! Where's my satchel?

DOCTOR: I had to leave it with Professor Lydall.

AMY: You did *what*?

DOCTOR: Safe keeping. No need to bite my head off.

HECTOCOT: Ah, yes. Verminous creatures, but nutritious.

DOCTOR: Oh dear. He looks hungry.

AMY: And ugly.

DOCTOR: It's a bad combination.
HECTOCOT: Talking vermin?
DOCTOR: Hello, I'm the D...
HECTOCOT: I think I'll eat that one first.
DOCTOR: Run! The Teuthoidians may be a bit slower here than on their own ship. It's not so humid, you see, and these gangways aren't already awash in mucus, or should I say, colloidal secretion, eh?
AMY: Why would you say that?
DOCTOR: You should pay more attention.
AMY: What is that noise?
DOCTOR: I rather think that another ship is drilling its way in.

MADDENJOT 2: We've broken through, Commander.
HECTOCOT 2: Take a brace of troops, Maddenjot. Hunt down these vermin. Every last one!
AMY: Oh no.
DOCTOR: We're trapped.

ASTRA: Why is the Eschaton lurching about like this?
PARGRAVE: So many ships are attached to the hull, our orbit is starting to decay.
ASTRA: Our orbit? But where has this planet app - ah! Professor.
LYDALL: Oh, Madam.
ASTRA: Where is the Doctor?
LYDALL: Rescuing his friend Amy. I came ahead. This stupid hip. Don't worry, they're right behind us. These are her things.

VOICE [OC]: He has the segments. Bring them to me.
AMY: Let me out of here!
VOICE [OC]: Quiet. Your usefulness is at an end.
AMY: Zara? Oh, for pity's sake, Zara.

ASTRA: Pargrave? Pargrave, I'm talking to you. Where is Zara?
VOICE [OC]: Forget the others, Pargrave. Abandon ship. The Chaos Pool awaits. Come to the planet.
PARGRAVE: Forget the others. We must go to the planet.

DOCTOR: We really mean you no harm.
HECTOCOT: Talking vermin. How can you speak our language?
AMY: I really don't know.
DOCTOR: It's a knack.
HECTOCOT 2: There they are.
HECTOCOT: Stand down, Commander. I'm in charge. I'm Hectocot, and this is my second-in-command Maddenjot.
HECTOCOT 2: No you're not. I'm Hectocot.
HECTOCOT: Impostor!
HECTOCOT 2: Insubordination!
(A fight starts.)
DOCTOR: Quick, while they're fighting.
AMY: The life rafts are this way, Doctor.
DOCTOR: You *have* been paying attention.

PARGRAVE: We'll use the first of the life rafts, down there on the right.
ASTRA: Are you all right, Professor?
LYDALL: I've dropped my walking-stick.
VOICE [OC]: Take the segments and leave him.
PARGRAVE: Leave it. Just get in.
LYDALL: No. No, I have it.
ASTRA: How do you steer this thing?
LYDALL: Steering will be the least of our worries. Watch out. The canopy's coming down.
PARGRAVE [OC]: Buckle up. We're leaving.
DOCTOR: There they are!
AMY: Wait! Pargrave, we're here!
PARGRAVE [OC]: Too late. Ignition.
(Whoosh.)
AMY: He didn't wait for us.
DOCTOR: Here we are. You know what it's like with life rafts. Look for ages, then two come along at the

same time.

AMY: Pargrave launched the life raft without me.

DOCTOR: Get in. Wonder what this button does. Whoa!

(Whoosh!)

MADDENJOT: The vermin escaped.

HECTOCOT: They won't get far.

AMY: Look at the Eschaton. It's covered in Teuthoidian ships, hundreds of them. They look like they're eating it alive.

DOCTOR: And hundreds more are still pouring through hyperspace across the fold. The Eschaton won't maintain its orbit for much longer. It'll just crash into the planet's atmosphere and bu... Brace yourself.

AMY: What's wrong?

DOCTOR: This life raft's programmed to get us to safety as quickly as possible, away from all this falling debris.

AMY: And that's bad why?

DOCTOR: The G-force may cause us to black out.

AMY: You can't steer this thing?

DOCTOR: An auto pilot offers the illusion of control. It's a matter of trust.

(Zoom, splash.)

DOCTOR: Oh. Come on, Amy, wake up.

AMY: Oh. Where are we?

DOCTOR: Difficult to be sure. The canopy has steamed up. It's like a graveyard for spaceships out there.

AMY: There must be hundreds that crashed before us.

DOCTOR: You mean landed.

AMY: Oh yeah? What about that one, then? It's all smashed up, and that one. And that one...

DOCTOR: Yes, yes, all right. I think we should get out of here.

AMY: It's cold and wet out there.

DOCTOR: It's about to get a whole lot warmer in here. The fuel line has ruptured.

(Canopy opens. Raining.)

DOCTOR: Come on.

(Boom!)

DOCTOR: Not much left of our life raft. Let's find some shelter. Here's a torch for you.

AMY: Doctor, look. That spacecraft we crashed into...

DOCTOR: Landed next to.

AMY: From here you can see what it is, what it was.

DOCTOR: The wreckage of the Eschaton. Fell through the atmosphere ahead of us.

AMY: So where are the Teuthoidian ships? They can't have disentangled themselves, surely?

DOCTOR: Once the Eschaton breached the atmosphere, they were whisked off into hyperspace, back to their original point at the beginning of the universe. The temporal barrier has re-established itself. This whole planet has camouflaged itself again.

AMY: Again?

DOCTOR: What, you don't recognise it? Admittedly you're not seeing it at its best. This is where I first met you, Amy. This is where you were born.

AMY: Planet Chaos? At last!

DOCTOR: When I was last here it was frozen at a moment in Time. Now it's just freezing cold. Things must have deteriorated quite badly if the rain has started.

(Howling.)

DOCTOR: There's a figure over there. He may need our help if he's injured.

AMY: In a crash, for instance?

DOCTOR: Yes.

AMY: We should be looking for Pargrave, not chasing a complete stranger.

DOCTOR: Looks like a bipedal canine. Maybe he's got a scent of something. Come on, he can lead us to Pargrave and the others.

AMY: And to the Chaos Pool. We have come full circle, Amy.

ASTRA [OC]: Unidentified space vessel, this is the Presidential spacecraft...

AMY: You shan't have these segments. I sense them here in this satchel with me. So close.

VOICE [OC]: But you will be brought before me, Tracer.

AMY: No!

VOICE [OC]: You have no choice. The end of order approaches. And you are drawn inexorably to me here at the Chaos Pool.

FREEDOM FIGHTERS: Chaos Pool. (repeats)

VOICE [OC]: The Disciples of Chaos are gathering from the furthest reaches of the universe. We shall face the final confrontation together.

FREEDOM FIGHTERS: (repeating) Together.

VOICE [OC]: All things shall converge here, and then Chaos shall reign forever.
(Cheers.)

[Part Three]

VOICE [OC]: The final members of my army are arriving. Astra.

LYDALL: (echoes) Astra?

VOICE [OC]: And Pargrave.

LYDALL: (echoes) Pargrave.

(The Voice laughs.)

LYDALL: (echoes) Pargrave, don't get...

LYDALL: Too far ahead of us.

ASTRA: Captain Pargrave! I can see the light from his torch. He's crossed the stream, not far ahead. How are you doing, Lydall?

LYDALL: I'm still soaked from the storm, and the water's making these rocks slippery. I - I'm taking it carefully because of my hip. Ah! Oh no! Oh, my stick. Oh!

ASTRA: It's dropped right through the crack.

LYDALL: Can you see it?

ASTRA: Shine *your* torch down here too. No. The stream must have carried it away.

LYDALL: Oh, I'll have to manage without it.

ASTRA: That satchel looks like a burden. I could carry that for you.

LYDALL: I wouldn't dream of asking you to be my porter, Madam President.

ASTRA: Well, do you want to rest for a while?

LYDALL: Oh no, I'll be fine, thank you. Surprisingly I'd rather not stop. I feel compelled to persevere.

ASTRA: Yes, strange. Me too. Do you think it's getting colder?

LYDALL: Warmer, if anything.

ASTRA: Come on. Pargrave? Wait for us.

ASTRA: Oh my.

LYDALL: What? That's astonishing. Where's the light coming from?

PARGRAVE: Impressive, isn't it? Looks like a huge mausoleum.

LYDALL: Are they tombs? There are scores of them.

ASTRA: Maybe hundreds. See? They reach all the way up the walls. I can hardly count the ones at the top. The carvings on the monuments. These are the creatures that attacked the Eschaton.

LYDALL: Teuthoidians?

ASTRA: Is that what the Doctor called them?

PARGRAVE: Never mind the Doctor. We must keep moving.

ASTRA: How do you know which way to go, Captain? Do you feel what I feel - like you're being drawn onwards?

PARGRAVE: It's through here.

ASTRA: It? What is?

PARGRAVE: Our path.

ASTRA: Our path? Come on, Professor, let's follow our path. Don't forget your satchel.

AMY: The satchel is disintegrating. The segments are decaying and destroying everything around them. Doctor? I'm going to die in here.

LYDALL [OC]: I wouldn't dream of asking you to be my porter, Madam President.

AMY: Is that you? Can you hear me? Can you hear me?

LYDALL [OC]: I'm beginning to think you might...

LYDALL: Be right about this satchel.

ASTRA: Please let me carry the satchel for you, Lydall. It must be getting heavy.

LYDALL: Not heavy, no. It feels warmer though. It's odd.

AMY [OC]: Can you hear me? Can you hear me?

LYDALL: What's that? Is someone there?

ASTRA: It's this mausoleum, Professor. It gives me the creeps too.

LYDALL: I'm sure I heard a voice.

ASTRA: Perhaps ahead of us in the cave network? Pargrave? Is there someone with you? What's that?

PARGRAVE: (distant) We must press on.

ASTRA: I shan't be sorry to leave this place.

(Howling.)

ASTRA: Oh, I heard *that*.

LYDALL: It's an animal. It could just be sheltering from the storm.

ASTRA: Or tracking us through it. Come on.

AMY: Where's that dog thing gone? Oh, we've lost it.

DOCTOR: *Him*. We've lost *him*. I don't think he needs a torch.

(Howling.)

DOCTOR: Or perhaps not. Come on. There's no other way. He must have gone through that archway. We can still catch up and escape this rain. Better to be under cover.

AMY-ZARA: All right for you in that thing.

DOCTOR: Oh! Hope it regains its shape. I'm rather fond of this hat.

AMY-ZARA: That dog thing got away. It wasn't ... He wasn't in any crash.

ZARA: Unlike us.

DOCTOR: An air hostess once told me that landings are just controlled crashes. Our canine friend probably relied on his auto-pilot too.

ZARA: It's a matter of trust. Do you think Pargrave trusted his auto-pilot, Doctor? He didn't trust *me*. And now he...

DOCTOR: As a matter of fact, I don't entirely trust you either. Where's the real Amy?

ZARA: What do you mean?

DOCTOR: Oh, come along. You've been a very poor impostor, Zara. Just look at you. In fact, I should have in my pocket... Yeah. Here it is.

ZARA: What's that? A knife?

DOCTOR: No, it's just a mirror. Look at yourself. Go on.

ZARA: I've changed.

DOCTOR: I know that feeling. I noticed your appearance was altering in the life raft, but I've known you weren't Amy for much longer than that.

ZARA: And said nothing?

DOCTOR: I've let you lead me on in the hope I'd find out what really happened to Amy. Your mutual existence is bound together as Tracers. Now that you're both becoming human, well, I'm beginning to worry more about the real Amy.

ZARA: I thought I had you fooled.

DOCTOR: You're too obvious, Zara. For example, maybe Pargrave was killed on landing...

ZARA: Don't say that!

DOCTOR: But Amy would be worried for *his* sake. You're only worried for yourself, because Pargrave abandoned you on the Eschaton.

ZARA: Oh, that's not fair!

DOCTOR: Where is she, Zara?

ZARA: You said we'd find the sixth...

DOCTOR: Zara...

ZARA: You said that dog-headed monstrosity could sniff it out for us.

DOCTOR: Where is Amy?

ZARA: Oh, she's in the satchel!

DOCTOR: What? That could kill her.

LYDALL: Pargrave is... Pargrave is very determined.

ASTRA: He says the Chaos Pool is close.

LYDALL: I think exhaustion and collapse are closer.

ASTRA: He seems to know the route, even though we've never been here before.

LYDALL: Like *déjà vu*. Ow!

ASTRA: Oh, your hip?

LYDALL: The satchel. It gave me an electric shock. Ow!

ASTRA: Your hand. Pargrave, wait! The Professor is injured.

PARGRAVE: (distant) What's the problem?

ASTRA: Just leave it behind, Lydall.

AMY [OC]: Who is that? Who's out there?

LYDALL: I'm not sure.

ASTRA: What use is a battered old satchel anyway? Oh, those are awful blisters, Lydall, and we abandoned the medikit in the wreck of the life raft.

PARGRAVE: What's the delay?

ASTRA: Just wait. How could the satchel burn you? What's in that thing?

LYDALL: I don't know. I can't open it. The buckle has bent. Look at the strap, it's disintegrated. And the

leather is splitting.

VOICE [OC]: No. Do not leave the satchel. Bring it to me.

PARGRAVE: No. Do not leave the satchel.

ASTRA: Bring it to...

LYDALL: Oh, make your mind up. Oh. Forgive my impertinence, Madam President.

ASTRA: Bring the satchel. Pargrave will lead the way.

DOCTOR: What were you thinking?

ZARA: I trapped Amy in the satchel, all right? Used the transforming power of the segments to disguise myself as her. Well done, you're so smart. Happy now?

DOCTOR: Happy? I'm appalled. The pan-dimensional forces in that satchel could... Why, Zara?

ZARA: Well, you trust her, don't you, Doctor? I was thinking you'd never help *me* find the sixth segment, but you'd lead Amy right to it. Thought I'd got it too, when you told me about Astra. Huh. Didn't see that, did you? Not so smart after all.

DOCTOR: No. Well, I...

ZARA: And now look at me. No use as a Tracer because I'm turning human. Can't locate the segments anyway, because they're hidden in the bag.

DOCTOR: Well, we'll just have to hope that Lydall brought the bag with him, won't we? Assuming of course that their life raft wasn't crushed beneath the wreck of the Eschaton.

(Zara cries.)

DOCTOR: Oh. Er...

ZARA: He can't be.

DOCTOR: Here.

ZARA: Is this a trick?

DOCTOR: Er, no, no, it's called a hug.

ZARA: But my eyes are making your shoulder wet.

DOCTOR: It's already soaked from the storm.

ZARA: What's happening to me?

DOCTOR: They're tears, Zara. Have you never cried before?

ZARA: Pargrave makes me... makes me...

DOCTOR: Makes you feel this way.

ZARA: Yes. Thank you. I, I'll be fine now.

DOCTOR: Tell me about Pargrave.

ZARA: I found him on Atrios. I was going to use him just like I was using you, Doctor. Like I used Zinc.

DOCTOR: You left Zinc to die on Mars.

ZARA: Did I?

DOCTOR: Yes. No tears for him, Zara? What's so special about Pargrave?

ZARA: Pargrave is the 6th son of his family's 6th generation. I knew he would lead me back to the Chaos Pool. It's in his very essence, like the pilots of all those space craft we saw back there in the scrap-yard.

DOCTOR: They were drawn here too.

ZARA: From across the universe.

DOCTOR: Remarkable.

ZARA: Pargrave was in pieces when I met him. I was with him only a few months. Such a terrible time for him. His partner Francine and their children, they aged and died so swiftly. I made sure I stayed close to him. I just didn't expect... how close I'd got.

DOCTOR: You fell in love, for the first time in your short life. And Pargrave doesn't know?

ZARA: The Chaos Pool is all he cares about. That's why he abandoned us on the Eschaton, Doctor.

Abandoned me. Didn't need me any more.

DOCTOR: Shh, shh! I don't think we have to worry about finding our canine friend. Quiet, Zara! He'll hear you.

AMY [OC]: Help me, Zara! Things are falling apart. Help me!

ZARA: The satchel is decaying, Doctor, just like the segments.

DOCTOR: Where is it? What's happened to Amy?

ZARA: We must recover the satchel. We must recover the Key to Time.

DOCTOR: And Amy.

ZARA: I suppose.

DOCTOR: Quickly Zara, before that creature gets our scent. Too late.

LYDALL: Those doors are huge. Are you sure we could open them?

ASTRA: That one's slightly ajar. You can hear what's beyond them.

LYDALL: Let's take a look. What a crowd. Maybe a couple of hundred. That figure by the Pool. I imagine she's in charge. It that a mask? No, no, it's her face.

PARGRAVE: They're waiting.

LYDALL: Oh - and look at the waterfall. It drops straight into a big pool.

ASTRA: What's so important about that?

LYDALL: You can see a reflection on the surface, but there's no splashing when the waterfall hits it. It must be the Chaos Pool.

ASTRA: All a bit cloak and dagger don't you think?

LYDALL: I see what you mean about the cloak. It does nothing for her, does it?

ASTRA: No, I meant us. Skulking in this ante-chamber like this.

LYDALL: No, wait. We don't know what they are.

VOICE: Join us, President Astra.

FREEDOM FIGHTERS: Astra!

LYDALL: What?

ASTRA: Pargrave told you. They're waiting, for us.

(Door opens.)

VOICE: Astra.

FREEDOM FIGHTERS: Astra.

VOICE: Come in.

FREEDOM FIGHTERS: Come in.

LYDALL: They know who we are.

ASTRA + VOICE: Of course they do.

VOICE: Step out into the dark.

ASTRA: Come on, Pargrave.

LYDALL: No. Don't go in.

ASTRA: They're expecting us.

ZARA: What's it doing?

DOCTOR: Ah-ah.

ZARA: Yeah right, now is the time for etiquette. What is *he* doing?

DOCTOR: Waving.

ZARA: What big teeth he has.

DOCTOR: All the better for smiling at us, I hope. Hello, I'm the Doctor, and this is Zara. He's not threatening us, he's beckoning us.

ZARA: What was all that howling before, then?

DOCTOR: Calling out. He wanted company. Come on. He's going without us. This is novel, being taken for a walk by the dog.

VOICE: The freedom fighters welcome you both.

FREEDOM FIGHTERS: Welcome.

PARGRAVE: The Chaos Pool. I thought I'd never see it.

VOICE: Captain Pargrave. 6th son of your 6th generation. President Astra, 6th daughter of a 6th Royal House. But there is a third. He has the segments.

ASTRA: Come out, Professor.

LYDALL: What is this place?

VOICE: The Chaos Pool. Is this not what you have sought for so long?

LYDALL: On the Eschaton the Doctor mentioned segments too. Are they in this satchel? It burns.

VOICE: Who is this?

ASTRA: This is Professor Lydall.

VOICE: No. Stay where you are!

LYDALL: Why are you afraid of me?

VOICE: Silence! He doesn't fully understand. Pargrave?

PARGRAVE: Mistress.

VOICE: Bring me that satchel.

LYDALL: You can't have it. Ah! Oh, it burns. Madam President, we must leave this dreadful place. The Chaos Pool is nothing like I imagined. This is wrong.

ASTRA: Give us the segments, Lydall.

LYDALL: Us? Oh Astra, not you as well.

VOICE: Surrender it to me. There are a thousand freedom fighters here. You have nowhere to run.

LYDALL: Tell them to take it from me. No. Look at them cowering. Are they afraid of me, or whatever it is in this satchel? You shan't have it!

PARGRAVE: Should I bring him back, Mistress?

VOICE: No. He will not pass through the Teuthoidian horde. And besides, my true master will arrive here soon.

ZARA: We know nothing about this dog thing.

DOCTOR: We know his bark is worse than his bite.

ZARA: You're very trusting, Doctor.

DOCTOR: You make that sound like a bad thing. Mind your step. This stream has made these stones somewhat treacherous. Our friend seems very sure-footed.

ZARA: Outside in the storm, Doctor, you wanted to help him even then. I can't decide whether that was brave or foolhardy.

DOCTOR: The line between them can be somewhat indistinct.

ZARA: How did you know it would be safe?

DOCTOR: I didn't. Nor that I would just abandon someone who might need my help.

ZARA: And now?

DOCTOR: Well, he's wagging his tail. It's supposed to be a good sign, isn't it? He's as harmless as a lamb.

ZARA: Then why do I feel like the sheep? Is he helping us or herding us. Oh!

DOCTOR: Are you all right, Zara? Here. Let me help you up.

ZARA: Look what I've found.

DOCTOR: Professor Lydall's walking-stick. Must have been washed downstream.

ZARA: I hope he's all right. Come on, we need to find him.

DOCTOR: That's more like it, Zara, don't abandon someone who might need our help.

ZARA: He has the segments in my satchel.

DOCTOR: Sounds like our friend has found something.

ZARA: Oh, wow. Look at this. It's a graveyard. A huge graveyard.

DOCTOR: A mausoleum.

ZARA: Hundreds of tombs. Look how high up they go.

DOCTOR: That's where the light's coming from. Natural illumination. Look at the carvings. Recognise this fellow?

ZARA: Yeah. I'm an expert on giant stone slugs. What do you think?

DOCTOR: Well, the dedication might give you a clue. See? Commander Hectocot.

ZARA: Hmm, he's quieter than I remember.

DOCTOR: Yes, finally at peace. This mausoleum is the last resting place of the Teuthoidians. How is that possible?

ZARA: What, 'cos they were alive and well attacking the Eschaton less than an hour ago?

DOCTOR: No, because this is the planet of Chaos, Zara. It has been held in stasis only minutes away from the end of the universe.

ZARA: You said that the Teuthoidians were from the other end of Time.

DOCTOR: Precisely.

(Barking.)

ZARA: Is it safe?

DOCTOR: Some of the stones are coming loose. Try to stay away from the walls.

ZARA: That's not loose stones. The statues are splitting apart.

DOCTOR: It's Commander Hectocot. Silent no longer.

ZARA: I knew it was too good to be true.

HECTOCOT: Vermin. The pestilential infestation.

DOCTOR: Look out!

(Howling.)

ZARA: Stay back, Doctor. You can't save the dog thing.

DOCTOR: That dog thing was helping us. We can't just abandon him. Let go of me, Zara.

ZARA: It's too late for him. The other monuments are splitting open. There are too many of them!

DOCTOR: That poor creature.

ZARA: You couldn't save him.

DOCTOR: I could have tried.

ZARA: We have to go. Come on, down this tunnel.

HECTOCOT: Teuthoidian cohort, to me.

MADDENJOT: Lieutenant Maddenjot reporting for duty, sir.

HECTOCOT: Yes, all right, Maddenjot, gather...

HECTOCOT: (distant) The whole corps. Get them ready for pursuit.

ZARA: How can they be here?

DOCTOR: The planet of Chaos exists on a fold in Time that puts the beginning and the end of the universe side by side. The mausoleum must be a weak point. I couldn't save that poor creature.

ZARA: Would you really have sacrificed yourself to save it? You amaze me, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Your sister Amy said something very similar. Perhaps you're more alike than you care to admit.

ZARA: Something's ahead of us. We're trapped.

DOCTOR: No, wait! Professor Lydall.

ZARA: He has the satchel.
LYDALL: I understand now, Zara. Here, take it.
DOCTOR: Be careful, Zara. Look how it's scorching his hands.
LYDALL: Oh, it burns!
ZARA: Give me the satchel. And my bracelet too.
LYDALL: Oh, it burns so brightly!
DOCTOR: Zara, no.
ZARA: At last.
(Something breaks, scream.)
DOCTOR: Amy.
AMY: Doctor. Doctor.
DOCTOR: Zara opened the satchel and let you out again.
ZARA: The segments. Where are the segments?
AMY: The satchel was disintegrating. The decaying segments were destroying it.
DOCTOR: It's all right, Amy. Look there. All that's left of the satchel.
ZARA: The segments must be here somewhere. Where are they?
AMY: Oh Doctor, I thought I was going to die in there.
DOCTOR: Let's try to avoid dying anywhere. The Teuthoidians are right behind us.
AMY: What, those awful slug creatures? Where are we, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I'll explain as we go. Lydall, what's down there? Lydall! You came from that direction. What's down there?
ZARA: Where are the segments?
HECTOCOT: (distant) The vermin are in this tunnel.
ZARA: The torch. Pass me the torch.
DOCTOR: Come on, Amy. Zara, Professor Lydall, we can't wait any longer.
ZARA: I have waited so long for you, haven't I?
PARGRAVE: Yes you have. And I have awoken. Now, where are the segments?
ZARA: I can't sense them. The Doctor said I might be more human than Tracer.
PARGRAVE: Your powers have not abated.
ZARA: But before. I couldn't detect the segments when they were in the s... The other satchel.

DOCTOR: They're in your satchel?
AMY: The segments are decaying badly. I had to stop them destroying Zara's satchel and me with it. At first I struggled to find them in there until I realised I just had to let them find me.
DOCTOR: You are brilliant.
AMY: Where are we going?
DOCTOR: I'm not entirely sure. But wherever it is, we've arrived. Just beyond... these doors.
(Voices fall silent.)
DOCTOR: I hate it when I join a party and everyone stops talking.
VOICE: Welcome, Doctor. Ah, and one of the Tracers.
DOCTOR: She has a name, don't you, Amy? But we haven't been introduced.
VOICE: My name is unimportant.
DOCTOR: Are you shy, or could your parents not agree?
VOICE: The Tracer...
DOCTOR: That's Amy.
VOICE: Has brought the segments. I feel them. I need them.
DOCTOR: Won't you introduce us to your friends? They're are so many, it may take a while.
VOICE: My freedom fighters.
DOCTOR: A ragtag battalion of many different races drawn here from across the universe. We met one of your recruits on the way in. Didn't make it, I'm afraid.
VOICE: My master's army against the Key to Time. They will defy its power. Nothing shall ever be fore-ordained.
DOCTOR: Literally fighting for freedom. I hadn't thought of it that way before.
(Doors open.)
ZARA: She has the satchel, and the segments.
DOCTOR: Ah, this is Zara and Professor Lydall. I imagine a platoon of angry Teuthoidians are hot on their heels. Perhaps some of this large crowd could help close...
(Doors closed.)
DOCTOR: Those heavy doors. Goodness Professor, you're evidently a lot stronger than you look.
VOICE: No! No, not now.
LYDALL-WHITE GUARDIAN: Oh, be quiet.
(Bell.)
DOCTOR: Amy, are you all right?

AMY: Yes. What about all the others? How did he do...? Oh. I see.

DOCTOR: Yes. Professor Lydall's really the White Guardian.

WHITE GUARDIAN: I didn't know myself until a moment ago. Exposure to the segments revitalised me. Brought me to my senses.

ZARA: I've waited so long for this. You abandoned him in 9th century Africa, Doctor, but I rescued him and nursed him through the years, hunting for the Chaos Pool, hunting for the segments.

WHITE GUARDIAN: You can give them to me now, Amy, and I will bring or...

DOCTOR: No.

AMY: Why?

DOCTOR: You heard what she said about her freedom fighters. If the White Guardian has the Key, there will be no *dis*order in the universe.

AMY: That's good, isn't it?

DOCTOR: It means no free will. He isn't a Guardian of virtue, he's a Guardian of control and domination.

WHITE GUARDIAN: I shall enforce the physical and temporal law...

DOCTOR: The letter of the Law, not the spirit of it. You know very well that they're more like guidelines or theories.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Do you want chaos, Doctor? No boundaries, no order? To work from first principles for the slightest decision. At every turn would you calculate, shall I go left, or right...?

DOCTOR: That's ridiculous.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Shall I eat, shall I blink, shall I breathe?

DOCTOR: Autonomous processes that have nothing to do with free will. What about shall I care? Shall I help? Shall I show mercy?

WHITE GUARDIAN: You can't just make it up as you go along.

DOCTOR: But that's precisely what we do. Complete certainty about everything - well, that's the tyranny of predestination.

WHITE GUARDIAN: I bring structure and order.

DOCTOR: You bring helplessness and despair. You're a dictator.

WHITE GUARDIAN: But benevolent.

AMY: You can't be a benevolent dictator. Force is force.

DOCTOR: Very good, Amy.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Ah, you've put thoughts into her mind, Doctor. So much for free will. Are *you* a dictator?

AMY: He's a teacher. I make my own choice about what to say.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Everything shall be counted, measured, described. There shall be nothing but logical reasoning and quantitative calculation.

DOCTOR: No, no, no, no. Not everything can be defined. How do you measure the feeling of a sunset, the beauty of a butterfly's wing?

WHITE GUARDIAN: Dangerous things, butterflies. I can show you the mathematical calculations for a solitary beat of one wing that initiates a devastating tornado.

DOCTOR: Butterflies dangerous? You would prefer to asphyxiate them and stick them in a display case. But a life well lived isn't pinned down by mathematics. Life is full of constants that aren't, and variables that don't.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Give me the segments, Tracer.

AMY: Why don't you just take them? Because you can't, can you? Without the sixth segment, you don't have the power over me, or the Doctor.

ZARA: But my help is given freely.

DOCTOR: Zara, no, think what you would be doing...

(The Tardis materialises, door opens.)

AMY: Astra piloted the Tardis.

DOCTOR: Impossible. Astra's still frozen over there. Romana!

ROMANA: Hello, Doctor. In deep trouble and bad company as usual?

DOCTOR: I'm astonished to see you.

ROMANA: Well, you did send a telepathic message to Gallifrey.

DOCTOR: Ah yes, the answer-phone.

ROMANA: I tracked down the Tardis in hyperspace, and it took me to some of your more recent destinations. Mars isn't quite how I remember it.

DOCTOR: Ah well, long story.

ROMANA: But on 9th century Earth I was led to believe I would find you here.

DOCTOR: Led to believe by whom?

(Tardis door closes.)

BLACK GUARDIAN: By me, Doctor.

ROMANA: I'm sorry, Doctor. I didn't realise who he was until it was too late.

DOCTOR: The Black Guardian.

BLACK GUARDIAN: I was a wreck of my former self when Romana found me in Africa, Doctor, but my powers have returned. Behold!

(Cheering.)

WHITE GUARDIAN: Oh, you tiresome fellow.

BLACK GUARDIAN: You aren't the only one who can do party tricks, you know.

VOICE: Master. Bow down before him.

FREEDOM FIGHTERS: Master.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Oh, do get up.

DOCTOR: I don't understand. How could the Black Guardian rejuvenate again?

ROMANA: Prolonged contact with the sixth segment, I'm afraid.

DOCTOR: Impossible. Astra has been here all the time.

ROMANA: Astra isn't the sixth segment, Doctor. I am.

[Part Four]

DOCTOR: That can't be.

ROMANA: After Astra was returned to Atrios, the segment was hidden within me. I should have worked it out sooner. My first incarnation didn't have to change. Seemed like a whim at the time.

DOCTOR: Regeneration as a fashion statement.

ROMANA: It's not so funny now, I suppose. What's happened to Astra?

DOCTOR: She's here, in thrall to the Black Guardian's agent, I'm afraid. Why are you here, Romana?

BLACK GUARDIAN: I persuaded her that I could locate you, Doctor. Her search drew strength from me while I drew strength from her.

ZARA: So this is Romana.

DOCTOR: Keep back, Zara. You will not convert her into the sixth segment.

BLACK GUARDIAN: My servants will prevent it. The segments must be allowed to decay.

ROMANA: Ah. That explains a lot.

VOICE: The Key to Time must not be reassembled. There shall be no control.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Very good.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Ah, my servants have arrived. About time too.

DOCTOR: Servants? These freedom fighters are people. Those Teuthoidian troops out there, they're people too.

AMY: Quite ugly people.

DOCTOR: Not helping.

WHITE GUARDIAN: I will bring order.

BLACK GUARDIAN: You mean stasis. I will bring freedom.

WHITE GUARDIAN: You mean chaos. Tracer, release the segments to me.

BLACK GUARDIAN: You.

VOICE: Yes, my lord.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Seize the Tracer.

DOCTOR: Don't listen to the Guardians. Make your own choices. What is your name?

VOICE: My name is un...

DOCTOR: Unimportant. You said that before, but think what that means. These two, they're not just Tracers any more, they've learned something about themselves in the brief time they've been alive. They have names. This one lived on Atrios, made friends, started a career, fell in love. Her name's Zara. What's *your* name?

VOICE: My name is... unimportant.

DOCTOR: You've lived vicariously through these freedom fighters over generations but learned nothing from them. You're just the Black Guardian's vassal, and an empty vassal at that.

AMY: I have a name. I chose it. I'm Amy. This is my sister Zara.

ZARA: It means Princess.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Now, my Princess. Your destiny is at hand.

HECTOCOT [OC]: Open these doors, feeble-bodied weaklings, and then we shall all feast.

ROMANA: Why are the Guardians just waiting?

WHITE GUARDIAN: Everything is in balance.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Equilibrium.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Stability.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Impasse.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Until now. Complete your destiny, Tracer. Convert Romana into the final segment of the Key to Time.

DOCTOR: Stay back, Zara. Amy, we must protect Romana.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Ignore him, Tracer, you're the counterpart to your sister. You should serve me.

AMY: I can't. That would bring anarchy. But if I help the White Guardian it'll be the last choice I ever make for myself.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Freedom fighters, advance.

VOICE: Yes, my lord.
WHITE GUARDIAN: Open the doors.
(Doors open.)
AMY: Of course. I don't have to serve either of the Guardians. This is my choice.
ROMANA: Let go of me, Amy.
DOCTOR: Amy, what are you doing?
ROMANA: Amy, stop!
BLACK GUARDIAN + WHITE GUARDIAN: Noooo!
(Segment transformation.)

DOCTOR: Oh Amy, what have you done?
ROMANA: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Romana. Romana, are you hurt?
ROMANA: My dignity, mostly.
DOCTOR: Romana, I can't tell you how good it is to see you, and how sorry I am to have involved you.
ROMANA: Ah, it was inevitable.
DOCTOR: I hope not.
ROMANA: My body's deteriorating. The Gallifreyan medics checked me over when I returned from E-Space. Their diagnosis was unambiguous. Regeneration is impossible. So when I got your message I didn't think I had a choice.
DOCTOR: There's always a choice. Let me help you up. Marble floor must be cold.
ROMANA: Mmm, Gothic chic. I've never much liked draughty castles.
DOCTOR: The castle. Oh Amy, you are brilliant.
ROMANA: And missing. When she grabbed my arm I thought was Amy trying to convert me into the sixth segment?
DOCTOR: No, because you're still here.
ROMANA: And where is here exactly?
DOCTOR: Former home of Lady Mesca Amuntik.
ROMANA: A Valdigian?
DOCTOR: Well done.
ROMANA: The statues give it away. Classic arthropod ratio between the head thorax and abdomen. Distinctive wings.
DOCTOR: Yes. This is the main hallway in the castle of Safeplace.
ROMANA: That sounds reassuring.
DOCTOR: The castle is one of the segments in the Key to Time.
ROMANA: Ah. Not so reassuring after all. That explains the state it's in. Decaying, like all the others.
DOCTOR: Amy took the segment from her pan-dimensional satchel and changed it back.
ROMANA: How's that possible?
DOCTOR: She's a human Tracer, and so is her sister Zara. Or rather, they're both Tracers that have become human. Has its benefits. Although the Tracer we used didn't wander off on its own, did it?
ROMANA: Won't Zara just convert the castle back into a segment?
DOCTOR: Not with the other four segments still inside Amy's satchel. Can't afford to trap them within another segment. We must find Amy.

HECTOCOT: Destroy the vermin.
ASTRA: How did these creatures find us, Pargrave?
PARGRAVE: I don't know, Madam President.
VOICE: Hold back the intruders. Defend the Chaos Pool.
ZARA: We're being overrun. What shall we do? Guardians, what can we do?
BLACK GUARDIAN: I can barely hear myself think.
WHITE GUARDIAN: I will stop mine if you will stop yours.
BLACK GUARDIAN: Oh, I suppose you're right.
(Bell, silence.)
ZARA: Oh, what a relief. Thank you.
ASTRA: What have you done?
ZARA: Are me and Astra the only ones you've not frozen?
WHITE GUARDIAN: You are each a special case.
ZARA: Look. The castle wall. It's filled the whole of that far side of the cavern. How is that possible?
WHITE GUARDIAN: A property of the Key to Time, of course. It's here, and it's not here.
ZARA: So I can convert it back into the segment.
WHITE GUARDIAN: Yes you can, if...
ZARA: Here goes, then.
WHITE GUARDIAN: If you want to destroy the universe, so on the whole, I would not recommend it.

ZARA: Oh. Because the other segments are inside it. Careless.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Design fault.

BLACK GUARDIAN: Well, don't look at *me*.

WHITE GUARDIAN: The other five segments must be retrieved first. The four that your sister has, and Romana. Well? Off you go.

ZARA: What? Oh, yes. My bracelet.

(Wibble.)

BLACK GUARDIAN: Now, that was cheating.

WHITE GUARDIAN: There was nothing to forbid her from using the Time Ring.

BLACK GUARDIAN: You'd hardly break the rules, would you? I might, though. Time for my freedom fighters to invade the castle.

WHITE GUARDIAN: In that case my Teuthoidian army can assist Zara in her search.

DOCTOR: When I first heard Astra's voice I thought you'd become President.

ROMANA: I wish. Those dullards in the High Council think Time begins and ends on Gallifrey. They can't see the storm that's coming.

DOCTOR: Sounds like this castle is being stormed. Quick, up the stairs.

(Crash.)

HECTOCOT: What is this place, Maddenjot?

MADDENJOT: A derelict castle, Commander. Once home to a species of locusts, perhaps.

HECTOCOT: More vermin, Maddenjot. A plague of insects. Our Teuthoidian platoon will swarm through this castle and stamp them out.

MADDENJOT: Yes, Commander. Platoon! Start on the lower levels. Flush the vermin from their hiding-place.

DOCTOR: That was interesting.

ROMANA: Oh!

DOCTOR: Shh. Sorry, didn't mean to startle you.

ROMANA: These slug creatures seem very punctilious. We should be able to avoid them.

DOCTOR: Yes, they're very by-the-book. Appropriate enough for servants of the White Guardian. Everything in order, everything inevitable.

ROMANA: Was it inevitable that I'd respond to your telepathic call, Doctor? That I'd unwittingly bring the Black Guardian to the Chaos Pool?

DOCTOR: No. That would mean everything was predestined, and you don't believe that, do you?

ROMANA: Of course not. I think they've cleared the first floor. If we can slip past them, we'll be safe.

DOCTOR: Unfortunately the Black Guardian's freedom fighters will take a more ad-hoc approach. Random incursions. I hope Amy's all right.

AMY: Oh, well done, Amy. Here again. Doctor? Romana? Wait a minute. I should be able to detect the sixth segment.

PARGRAVE [OC]: What was that? Someone down there?

AMY: Oops.

(Door opens.)

PARGRAVE: Jarrow? Jarrow?

JARROW [OC]: What is it, Pargrave?

PARGRAVE: There's no one here, Jarrow. We should try the next level down. Hiding in a torture chamber. As if.

(Door closes.)

AMY: Oh. That was close.

PARGRAVE: Closer than you think.

AMY: Oh!

BLACK GUARDIAN: Another game while we wait?

WHITE GUARDIAN: We have waited millennia. We can continue while our agents operate. We are evenly matched.

BLACK GUARDIAN: But what of our partners? Are they co-equal? Or does your dependency on Astra weaken you?

ASTRA: Don't treat me like I'm not here.

VOICE: We are your partners. You take your chances with us.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Bridge is a game of rules. A lead is taken, a suit must be followed, and contracts are made...

BLACK GUARDIAN: Or defeated. In a random deal nothing is predictable. And the contest is unequal when the dummy sits out the hand.

ASTRA: (laughs) I notice neither of you ever gets to be the dummy.

WHITE GUARDIAN: You over-reached last time. That was illogical. Your pre-emptive bid indicated a weak hand.

BLACK GUARDIAN: But I prevented you bidding and making a larger score.

ASTRA: A sacrifice?

BLACK GUARDIAN: A sacrifice is most effective during the final contract.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Is that freedom, or anarchy? Astra, you should bid.

ASTRA: Seven no trumps.

WHITE GUARDIAN: What?

BLACK GUARDIAN: A final sacrifice?

ASTRA: That remains to be seen. Now who's the dummy?

DOCTOR: Ah. The castle's monitoring room. I remember it was tucked away in this turret. Ah no. This equipment's just a rusty pile of scrap, decaying like the rest of the castle.

ROMANA: I know how it feels.

DOCTOR: Are you okay?

ROMANA: I'm not optimistic.

DOCTOR: Here, sit down.

ROMANA: I've accepted it, Doctor. But what of Astra? She was returned to her old life.

DOCTOR: At a terrible cost. Her rejuvenation was a curse on her and on the Atrian people. She survived for two hundred years by drawing energy from those around her.

ROMANA: Living forever, as her own people become extinct. That's horrible. Does she know?

DOCTOR: No. She's laboured for centuries to diagnose her symptoms, and the dreadful thing is that she is the cause.

ROMANA: No. I am the cause, Doctor. And you know the only way to stop the Guardians.

DOCTOR: Don't think that way.

ROMANA: Look at me, Doctor, properly. I'm a shell of my former self.

DOCTOR: There must be an alternative.

ROMANA: You've already worked out that there isn't. You should complete the Key to Time. Amy must convert me into the sixth segment.

PARGRAVE: Nowhere to run.

AMY: Doctor!

PARGRAVE: I won't harm you. I just want that satchel.

AMY: You don't. Look, it's split and broken.

PARGRAVE: Good. My mistress wants it destroyed. The segments must never be reconstructed. They must be allowed to decay. Only then can we be free.

(Wibble.)

AMY: Zara. Where did you...?

ZARA: I'll take that.

AMY: No! No, the lock is disintegrating - oh!

PARGRAVE: Jarrow, I have them. I will take the satchel.

AMY: It's tearing apart.

ZARA: No!

(Rip, clatter.)

PARGRAVE: The segments.

AMY: Pick them up.

ZARA: I can't hold them all. Here. Take two each.

PARGRAVE: We must have those segments. The only way out of this place is down those stairs. You won't get past us. I'll kill you first.

ZARA: Kill me? After all I've meant to you? How I've stayed with you since Francine... since Francine and the children died.

PARGRAVE: They're dead. I have only this now.

ZARA: What about me?

PARGRAVE: You're dead to me too, Zara. Take them.

ZARA: All right. Look, we'll... we'll just hold the segments up for you. Amy, which segments do you have?

AMY: I have the compass and the capstone.

ZARA: This is the shard of aurium, which means this is the first segment I found with Zinc. Hold tight to those chains, Amy.

AMY: Why?

ZARA: Because this segment was the lake of Erratoon.

(Flood.)

DOCTOR: Think this through rationally.

ROMANA: Don't patronise me, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry.
ROMANA: Well, stop being sorry and start looking for an exit.
DOCTOR: I understand.
ROMANA: I really don't think you do. I thought I knew what Astra went through on Atrios. I was wrong.
DOCTOR: Oh no.
MADDENJOT: Maddenjot to Commander Hectocot.
HECTOCOT [OC]: Give me good news, Maddenjot.
MADDENJOT: We have them, Commander. West tower, main landing.
HECTOCOT [OC]: Save a juicy one for me, Maddenjot. I'm on my way.
MADDENJOT: Take them.
ROMANA: Doctor?
DOCTOR: We're cornered. The stairs only lead to the turret.
(Rush of water.)
MADDENJOT: What is this?
DOCTOR: Quick, up the stairs. Hurry!
MADDENJOT: Men, fall back! Ah!
ROMANA: It's no good. The water's rising too quickly.
DOCTOR: Romana, reach out for my hand. Romana! Romana!

PARGRAVE: Hold on, Jarrow. Hold on to the rail. Jarrow! The freedom fighters will prevail, Jarrow! The segments are still close by.

DOCTOR: Romana. Romana! Romana!
ROMANA: Yes, all right! Do stop bellowing. Look at the damage. The castle was already crumbling to nothing, and now that flood has collapsed the stairs.
DOCTOR: But you were drenched, and now you're not even damp.
ZARA: Hello, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Zara. Amy.
AMY: We have four segments of the Key to Time, Doctor. One used to be the lake of Erratoon. For a moment it was again until Zara changed it back.
ZARA: This one, see? Every last drop.
ROMANA: Well done.
DOCTOR: Romana, we must get you to the Tardis.
ROMANA: No, Doctor, you know where we must go.
ZARA: To the Chaos Pool.
AMY: It's where we were born.
ZARA: And where The Grace will be waiting.
ROMANA: What or who is The Grace?
AMY: The Grace created us, and the Key to Time. The Grace will restore balance from a point within the higher dimensions.
ZARA: The Chaos Pool is a portal into those higher dimensions, in the gap between the Big Crunch and the Big Bang.
ROMANA: So the Chaos Pool is the crucible within which the Key to Time was forged, and where it can be disposed of without ending the universe.
DOCTOR: The Key can't be the solution.
ROMANA: The Key is the problem. You know that its decaying segments must be reassembled, or annihilated. That includes me, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I won't help you destroy yourself.
AMY: But I will.
DOCTOR: Amy, you can't.
AMY: I thought I had a choice.
DOCTOR: That's not what I meant.
ROMANA: Then whose choice is it, Doctor? Yours or Amy's? I know I've made mine.
HECTOCOT: Remain where you are, vermin.
DOCTOR: Whoops. Time for a different decision. Across the landing, back into the banqueting hall.
HECTOCOT: And you are all on the menu.
DOCTOR: Through here.
AMY: Er... Doctor?
DOCTOR: Oh.
PARGRAVE: You've found us before we could find you. Seize the segments. If these people resist, kill them where they stand.

ASTRA: You haven't told me your name.
VOICE: My name is unimportant, Astra.
ASTRA: Ah, you see? Names are *always* important. They tell people who we are. I know, why not show the Black Guardian that you're free to choose one for yourself?
VOICE: Is that possible? I suppose your bid altered the rules of the game.
ASTRA: They'll just carry on playing without us now. Look at them.
VOICE: The Guardians can wait forever. You have no idea.
ASTRA: I have some idea. Average life expectancy for my people is now twenty nine years. I have lived among them for more than two centuries, and I have always felt alone.
VOICE: I'm alone now, after all these millennia.
ASTRA: What about your freedom fighters?
VOICE: They are constantly replenished. Every day new members arrive from across the universe. To live or die, while they wait for the inevitable reckoning.
ASTRA: Inevitable? That sounds like predestination. I thought you fought against that.
VOICE: I no longer know what I'm fighting, why I exist, who I am. Why do you exist, Astra?
ASTRA: Well, I suppose I'm fighting for the future of my people.
VOICE: You've outlived them. And you are responsible for their demise.
ASTRA: No!
VOICE: You surrendered the sixth segment's essence to Romana. Now you survive because you draw life directly from those around you on Atrios.
ASTRA: That can't be true.
VOICE: And you have not saved a single one of them.

DOCTOR: No more exits.
AMY: Use the lake of Erratoon again.
ZARA: That could drown us all.
ROMANA: Or destroy the castle.
ZARA: Use my Time Ring, Doctor. Take it. My hands are full.
DOCTOR: Move in, everyone, and hold on tight.
(Wibble.)
HECTOCOT: What have you done with them?
PARGRAVE: They just vanished from the banqueting table.
HECTOCOT: Well, I'm still hungry.
PARGRAVE: Stand firm!

BLACK GUARDIAN: I believe that concludes this hand.
WHITE GUARDIAN: We *are* evenly matched.
BLACK GUARDIAN: But the game is about to change.

(Wibble.)
DOCTOR: Well done, Zara.
ROMANA: Look out. The castle wall is collapsing.
ZARA: Now, Amy, while the others are still inside the castle.
AMY: All right.
(Transformation into segment.)
AMY: There we go. Whoops! It's tricky to manage three segments at once.
ZARA: Easier to put them together, then. There. Just one piece missing.
DOCTOR: Romana. Someone support her while I put my coat under her head. You'll be all right, Romana.
ROMANA: No I won't, I'm dying.
WHITE GUARDIAN: Five segments converted.
BLACK GUARDIAN: And the sixth at hand.
WHITE GUARDIAN + BLACK GUARDIAN: You have done well, Tracers.
WHITE GUARDIAN: And your life's work is over. Astra, bring me the Key to Time.
ASTRA: I don't think so.
BLACK GUARDIAN: You, bring *me* the Key.
VOICE: Ask me nicely.
BLACK GUARDIAN: What?
VOICE: Use my name.
BLACK GUARDIAN: You ... you have no name.
VOICE: My name is Freedom. I am free of you at last.
ASTRA: Neither of us has to play the hand you've dealt us.
DOCTOR: Very good, Astra. The Guardians are in perfect balance and they need someone to give them the edge. Look at you two! You can hardly speak. At a complete loss as to what to do.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Doctor, you shall...

BLACK GUARDIAN: Die for this!

DOCTOR: I've heard that before. Romana.

ASTRA: Your friend Romana. I wish I could remember her from our first meeting, Doctor.

DOCTOR: You'd have liked her.

ROMANA: I'm not dead just yet.

ASTRA: You cannot bear to see her die, as I saw my people die.

DOCTOR: I'm so sorry, Astra.

ASTRA: Two hundred years of premature deaths. I couldn't save a single person. Now that must change.

DOCTOR: Astra, be careful with her.

AMY: What's Astra doing to Romana?

ZARA: It's called a hug.

AMY: Oh. I think we should hug them too.

(Segment transformation.)

DOCTOR: Romana?

ROMANA: You were expecting someone else?

DOCTOR: What happened to Astra?

ROMANA: She re-absorbed the essence of the sixth segment. See?

BLACK GUARDIAN: She holds the Key to Time.

ROMANA: And Astra is gone. She chose to sacrifice herself, for me.

WHITE GUARDIAN: The Key is completed.

ROMANA: But not active, not until Amy and Zara let go of it. Once the Tracers are removed, it will complete its transformation.

WHITE GUARDIAN: Bring it to me, Tracer.

AMY: I have a name, you know.

BLACK GUARDIAN: No, Tracer, bring it to me.

ROMANA: Oh, hello. Who's this?

THE GRACE: I am the Grace.

ROMANA: The Grace.

AMY: It's The Grace!

ZARA: At last.

DOCTOR: Manifested in the Key. Very impressive. Up you get, Romana. Careful. Don't let go of the Key. Amy, Zara, you as well. So, you're The Grace, are you? You're who sent us on this mission.

WHITE GUARDIAN: May I have the Key?

BLACK GUARDIAN: No, I should have it.

THE GRACE: Neither of you shall have it. Neither Guardian shall prevail. We banish you back to the howling void, and your eternal struggle.

WHITE GUARDIAN: No...

BLACK GUARDIAN: No, no!

DOCTOR: Oh, bravo. Most impressive. Do I call you Grace or The Grace, or...?

THE GRACE: Does it matter?

FREEDOM: Names are important. They tell people who we are.

THE GRACE: Silence. You are unimportant.

FREEDOM: But I know who I am. I am Freedom.

THE GRACE: We made you to serve, and you have done so through all the ages.

FREEDOM: I never asked for eternity.

THE GRACE: Then you shall have the only freedom we will offer.

(Freedom screams.)

DOCTOR: There was no need to kill her like that!

THE GRACE: She was a speck.

DOCTOR: She was a person.

THE GRACE: Tracers.

AMY + ZARA: Yes.

THE GRACE: Take your hands from the Key to Time. Surrender it to the Grace. Your work is done, Tracers.

DOCTOR: No. These young women aren't Tracers any more.

THE GRACE: We made them as perfect devices.

DOCTOR: Well, now they're human beings, with all the strengths and weaknesses and foibles and marvels that make them human.

THE GRACE: (laughs) They are our creatures.

DOCTOR: Let go of the key, Romana.

ROMANA: What?

DOCTOR: Please. Thank you. Amy and Zara?

THE GRACE: They do as we demand. They have no option.

DOCTOR: I thought that was the whole point. Amy, do you trust me?
AMY: Of course.
DOCTOR: Let go of the Key. Thank you. Now Zara, it's your choice. You can release the key and surrender it to the Grace, or you can give it to me.
THE GRACE: We will crush you like an insect.
DOCTOR: Not while Zara still holds on. You've manifested yourself in the Key. You can't leave it until everyone has let go.
ZARA: Amy, what shall I do?
AMY: No, Zara. This is your choice.
THE GRACE: Release us from the Key to Time. Obey us, Tracer.
ZARA: My name is Zara. It means Princess. Here you are, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Thank you, Zara.
THE GRACE: Release the key.
DOCTOR: Only one way to do that.
THE GRACE: No!
ROMANA: Doctor!
AMY: Don't jump!
(Running. Splash. Silence.)
AMY: What's happened to the Chaos Pool?
ROMANA: The surface vanished after the Doctor jumped in. Be careful! It's a long way down.
AMY: It's just a dark chasm now, full of jagged rocks.
ROMANA: Oh Doctor, I wish you'd let me help.
DOCTOR: (distant) Well, you could give me a hand out of here.
ROMANA + AMY + ZARA: Doctor!

AMY: How did you know that ledge was there?
DOCTOR: I didn't. I just knew the Chaos Pool would disintegrate the Key.
ROMANA: A leap of faith?
DOCTOR: I suppose so. The Grace are dispersed throughout eternity. Everyone trapped in the castle segment will be returned home.
ZARA: Including Pargrave?
DOCTOR: I hope so. You'll find out back on Atrios. Here's your Time Ring.
ZARA: Doctor, how can you just let me go like this, after everything I did? I was bitter, and hurtful...
DOCTOR: And brave and compassionate. People aren't perfect, Zara. That's what makes them people and not artificial personnel. You're not artificial. You're a real person.
AMY: You took a risk by giving us that choice.
DOCTOR: If I compelled you, Amy, I'd be no better than the Grace.
ZARA: You risked the whole universe on your faith that I was really a good person?
DOCTOR: Yes.
ZARA: I don't think I like that thought. Frankly it terrifies me.
AMY: What's that on your face, Zara?
ZARA: They're tears. I learned that from the Doctor.
ROMANA: It happens a lot with the Doctor.
ZARA: Will you come too, Amy?
AMY: I have other plans. Go on, Zara. Pargrave will be waiting.
ZARA: Bye, everyone. Doctor, thank you.
(Wibble.)
DOCTOR: You two look very conspiratorial. Sorry to interrupt, Romana, but it's time to get you home. Amy, you can help me find Peri.
AMY: I think my searching is over.
DOCTOR: We located the Key to Time, yes, but...
AMY: Romana's invited me back to Gallifrey.
DOCTOR: Oh.
ROMANA: We should open the Academy to non-Gallifreyans. This whole experience makes me think the Time Lords should be less parochial.
AMY: And I've accepted her offer.
ROMANA: To persuade the High Council, I need someone I can trust. And I trust Amy with my life. In fact, I did.
DOCTOR: Is this what you want?
AMY: Yes, Doctor. It's like... destiny.
DOCTOR: Nothing's predetermined. It's your choice.
ROMANA: And you still have a lot to learn.
AMY: Well, perhaps my true search is just beginning. And you, Doctor? What are you really looking for?

DOCTOR: I ... Er, well...

ROMANA: Doctor?

DOCTOR: I'll tell you when I find it. Come on.